Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy gooſe.

The Muſicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the Diuell vnderſtands *Welſh*.
And 'tis no maruel hee is ſo humorous,
By'rlady hee is a good muſician.
Lady. Then would you bee nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether by humors;
Lie ſtil, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Iriſh*.
La. Would'ſt haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then bee ſtil.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhee ſings.

Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, & as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend mee, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch farcenet ſurety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare mee, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-breſt teacher and the indentures be drawne, ile away within theſe two hours, and ſo come in when yee will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and othe

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prince* of *Wales*,
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, but be neere
For we ſhall preſently haue need of you
I know not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Heele breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heauen,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane atten
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompanie the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of Greatneſſe needs muſt he
By ſmiling pick-thankes, and baſe newes-monger
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *H*
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors:
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy yonger Brother is ſupplide;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts